

Pride Parade, 1989 by TonyVask

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Summary:

A short story where Billy and Steve traveled to NYC to assist to a Pride Parade.

Pride Parade, 1989

"Darling, are you ready?", Steve asked as he was putting his denim jacket on. There was something about Billy worrying him, he was looking through the window and looking up in the sky.

"I don't know, princess", Hargrove indecisively answered. The words of his father were going round and round inside his head. Billy's relationship with Steve separated them both from their families but deep inside he knew that, apart from that, those families were already broken.

Harrington's heart melted as he saw him that nervous so he walked towards him and hugged him from behind, lied his chin on Hargrove's shoulder and held him tightly.

"What if someone realises we are here?", the californian asked, "...someone from home".

"If anybody tells us anything, if they try to hurt us...", the brunette remembered all the shit Neil made them go through before and after Billy moved to Jim Hopper's cabin, "...then it'll be time to search for a new home".

The boys stared at the window, far away the sound of a lot of people started to grow as colors and flags came out from corners of the city. The room's door got knocked so they remembered they were not the only ones from Hawkins logging in that hotel. Harrington moved from Billu's back in order to open the door after hearing the voice behind it say "It's me" like if it could help.

"I didn't drive for eleven hours just to you two staying here inside, dingus", Robin Buckley complained, she was pretty excited for what they were about to presence, "Take this".

"What is this?", Steve asked confused by seeing some sort of cardboard signs with protest messages on them.

2Murray has been annoying me all day telling me that the purpose of this pride parade is claiming our rights", the girl snorted rolling her

eyes not because of Bauman's intentions but for how annoying that man could get to be, "If it weren't for Alexei's help, I wouldn't have done it".

Billy took the cardboards and read them, one of those got his attention. It had the perfect balance between protest and rudeness. It was just as unapologetic as him.

«Stay out of my room», he read out loud and it sounded as something he would normally say.

"It's cool, isn't it? I wrote it myself", Robin claimed.

"We'll be using this one", the blonde guy asked, the enthusiasm on his eyes was enough to convince Harrington, "Do you have a marker?".

The girl searched inside her pockets until finding the object, she gave it to Billy who took the poster to the nightstand and edit its content. Robin got slightly mad because it was her favorite one, she was going to use it!

"Voilà", Hargrove exclaimed before showing the cardboard to his friends. «Stay out of OUR room», he read from the poster. The way the word "my" was crossed to let the people read "our" gave it a new sensation to the message. It was...

"Poetic", Murray said from the door, Alexei was by his side. The Russian had been spending the last three and a half years studying English so he could understand the people better, even though he could keep talking on his native language with Murray about hundreds of interesting topics.

The group from Hawkins left the hotel and got on the city streets. People were walking freely. Homosexuals, lesbians, transsexuals, every single person no matter their sexual orientation, gender identity, race or age marched among colors and happiness to claim what belonged to them: their freedom, their rights, their lives.

At the beginning, Billy kept himself stiff and nervous, he felt like everyone was looking at him but once Steve held his hand he could recognize that nobody could say anything to them there. A lonely

tear rolled down from Harrington's cheek because he finally felt what it was holding his lover's hand as they walked down the street. All of those years of subtlety, of not allowing themselves to be loud in public, it all ended there, in that moment that let them be themselves and love each other no matter who could see them.

Steve let go Billy's hand to lift the cardboard sign up as they approached downtown. Music surrounded the streets and people were expressing their feelings out of their chests. Colors were on the people, on their clothes that claimed their beings, everything made the Hawkins' guys felt like they could finally fit in. Hargrove watched Steve and a smile appeared on his face, Billy loved seeing his boyfriend being happy and free to express what he felt.

Robin followed them with a camera on her hands, thinking on all the pictures that Jonathan would have to reveal later on. But it didn't matter because every single one of them was a miracle and a prove of that anybody can found love in this life even when it seems impossible.

In the midst of so many people, Billy got closer to Steve and grabbed him by the waist, turned him back and dared to kiss him. Fuck. It felt so well being able to kiss him in public for the first time, just where everybody could witness how much he loved him. It felt so fucking damn well being able to let everybody know they were made perfectly made for each other. A cheer was formed around them, they were celebrating love, their love.

"We don't need to search for another house", Billy whispered to Steve's ears as they hugged each other, "As long as you are with me, I'll always have a home".

Author's Note:

This one is based on a spanish one shot I wrote in Wattpad so if you want to check it out (if you understand spanish ofc) you can search my short stories collection here:

<https://www.wattpad.com/story/268222103-harringrove-one-shots>

Anyways, thanks for reading and I hope you enjoyed it as much as I did while writing it. Remember to research about the meaning behind Pride Month and what it means for LGBT+ community. Everything we deserve is a world where we can be our true selves and be free to love whoever we fall in love with.

Bye :)